

SONGS
OF
ENGLAND'S
GLORY

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY



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1902

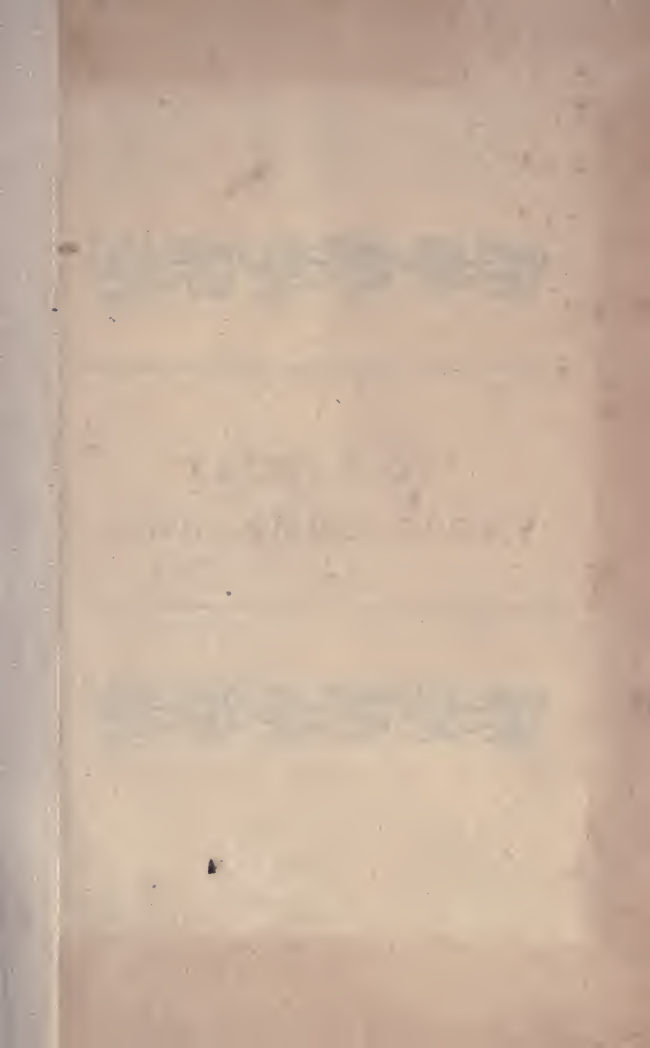
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VICTORIA COLLEGE

GOD SAVE THE KING





SONGS OF
ENGLAND'S GLORY



THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF
THE BANKING GLORY

OF THE BANKING GLORY



“SET IN THE SILVER SEA”

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England !

Richard II. Act ii. sc. 1



1909



JES. ALLAN
DUNCAN



1902

SONGS OF
ENGLAND'S
GLORY

comp. by
W. Canton

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1885

SONS OF
EMIGRANTS
GLORY

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PREFACE

The title of this little volume sufficiently indicates the spirit and scope of its contents. It may be desirable, however, to mention that after the introductory section, which is devoted to patriotic Songs too general in character to be classed otherwise, the scheme of arrangement is chronological.

The Songs follow the sequence of the events to which they refer. In a few exceptional instances, as in the case of Browning's "Home Thoughts, from the Sea," position has been decided by date of composition, or by the seniority of the writer. Where it has appeared advisable, notes have been inserted on some point of interest in connection with the event, the poem, or the author.









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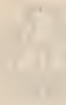
FIFE AND DRUM



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 351





GOD SAVE THE KING

ANONYMOUS

There has always been much disputation concerning the origin and authorship of the National Anthem. Perhaps its words are an imitation from the *Domine Salvum* of the Catholic Church. It is, however, asserted by Chappel, and also by Dr. Fink, a German musical antiquary, that Dr. Henry Carey, an English poet and musician (1696-1743), was author both of the words and the melody. The anthem was composed, it is said, in honour of a birthday of George II., and was performed for the first time at a dinner given on that occasion in 1740 by the Mercers' Company in London.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,—
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,—
God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks !
On Thee our hopes we fix,—
God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,—
Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King !

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

THOMAS CAMPBELL, 1777-1844

Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, &c., was chiefly distinguished as a lyrical poet. It has been said that *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic* cannot be paralleled in the language.

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas ;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe :

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

FELICIA HEMANS, 1793-1835

The lyrics and songs of Felicia Hemans are her best productions. Her husband was Captain Hemans, of the 4th Regiment, whose health was broken by his sufferings in the retreat on Corunna.

Son of the Ocean Isle !
Where sleep your mighty dead ?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade ;

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar ;—

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone,—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung ;—

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped !
Why should they reck whose task is done ?—
There slumber England's dead.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze ;—

But let the storm rage on !
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lour ;—

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread !
Waves may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

LOVE THOU THY LAND

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

This proud and patriotic speech of Philip Faulconbridge (*King John*, Act v. Sc. 7), made at the time of the king's death, refers to the dissensions which had torn England asunder and brought over Lewis, the French dauphin, and his army. England could only be in danger when it "first did wound itself." Faulconbridge's words were quickly shown to be true, for a united England, under that noble patriot the Earl Marischel, almost immediately drove the French out of the country.

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall
make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

RULE BRITANNIA

JAMES THOMSON, 1700-1748

It is said that this famous song was originally intended as a poetical invective against the ministry of the day. In the public estimation the Government showed a lack of spirit in resisting the depredations of the Spaniards. With the exception of *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence* this is, perhaps, the only work of Thomson's now remembered by the public.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
*Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the
waves!*
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free—
The dread and envy of them all!

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the last blast which tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
*Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the
waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.*



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

HEARTS OF OAK

DAVID GARRICK, 1716-1779

The words of the song are by Garrick, the music by Dr. W. Boyce. It was first sung by Mr. Champnes in *Harlequins Invasion* in the year 1759. Many other songs have been written to the same air, among them two in the Burney Collection—*Keppel's Triumph* and *The Hardy Tars of Old England*.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
steer,

To add something more to this wonderful
year,

To honour we call you, not press you like
slaves,

For who are so free as the sons of the
waves!

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak
are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to
stay,

They never see us but they wish us away ;
If they run, why, we follow, and run them
ashore,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

For if they won't fight us, we cannot do
more.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak
are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and
again.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough
the sea,

Her standard be justice, her watchword "Be
free" ;

Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let
us sing

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our
king.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak
are our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and
again.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

ANONYMOUS

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these,
But of all the world's great heroes, there's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier !

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers !

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand grenades,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

We throw them from the glaxis, about the
enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the
'British Grenadiers !

And when the siege is over, we to the town
repair,
The townsmen cry, " Hurrah, boys, here
comes a Grenadier !
Here comes the Grenadiers, my boys, who
know no doubts or fears !"
Then sing, tow, row, row, row, row, row, the
British Grenadiers !

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health
to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the
loupèd clothes,
May they and their commanders live happy
all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for
the British Grenadiers !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND

THOMAS DIBDIN, 1771-1841

Thomas Dibdin was the son of Charles Dibdin, the distinguished song-writer, and was himself a prolific writer of songs. In the course of six years, from 1789 to 1795, he composed more than a thousand songs. He was apprenticed to a London upholsterer, but after four years he broke his indenture and joined a company of strolling players.

Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
"If ever I live upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little
Britain!"

Says Freedom, "Why that's my own
island!"

O, it's a snug little island!

A right little, tight little island,

Search the globe round, none can be
found

So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no
man,

Came by water,—he couldn't come *by*
land;

And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their names
turn'd their backs on,

And all for the sake of our island.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

O, what a snug little island !
They'd all have a touch at the island !
Some were shot dead, some of them fled,
And some staid to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the
Norman,
Cried " D—n it, I never liked my land ;
It would be much more handy to leave this
Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little island :
Sha'n't us go visit the island ?"
Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party-deceit help'd the Normans to beat ;
Of traitors they managed to buy land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britains ne'er had
been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of their island !
Poor Harold, the King of the island !
He lost both his life and his island.
That's very true ; what more could he
do ?
Like a Britain he died for his island !

The Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen
Bess,
And take their full swing in the island.
O, the poor Queen of the island !
The Dons came to plunder the island ;
But, snug in the hive, the Queen was
alive,
And buz was the word in the island.

Those proud puff'd-up cakes thought to
make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy
land,
When our Drake had the luck to make
their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the island.
Huzza for the lads of the island !
The good wooden walls of the island ;
Devil or Don, let 'em come on ;
But how would they come *off* at the
island ?

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto
kept tune,
In each saying, " This shall be my land " ;
Should the " Army of England," or all they
could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the island.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

We'll fight for our right to the island ;
We'll give them enough of the island ;
Invaders should just—bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island !

A SONG OF ENGLAND

CHARLES MACKAY, 1814-1889

Dr. Charles Mackay has a national reputation as a songwriter. In 1846 he published *Voices from the Crowd*, a collection of songs which had appeared in the early numbers of the *Daily News* when Charles Dickens was the editor. Henry Russell set some of them to music, and of one of them, *The Good Time Coming*, 400,000 copies were circulated. *Songs by C. Mackay* appeared in 1855, and included "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "There's a Land, a Dear Land," "England Over All," and "To the West, to the West."

There's a land, a dear land, where the rights
of the free,
Though firm as the earth are as wide as the
sea ;
Where the primroses bloom, and the night-
ingales sing,
And the honest poor man is as good as a
king.

Showery ! Flowery !
Tearful ! Cheerful !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

England, wave-guarded and green to the
shore!

West Land! Best Land!
Thy Land! My land!
Glory be with her, and Peace evermore!

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour
of soul,
Is fed by the tempests that blow from the
Pole;
Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader
presume
To ask for more earth than will cover his
tomb.

Sea Land! Free Land!
Fairest! Rarest!
Home of brave men, and the girls they adore!
Fearless! Peerless!
Thy Land! My land!
Glory be with her, and Peace evermore!



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819-1861

Arthur Hugh Clough was a fellow and tutor of Oriel Coll., Oxford, and afterwards Principal of University Hall, London. For some years subsequently he lived in America, but returned to take up a position in the Education Office in 1853. His poems were chiefly written between 1840 and 1850. *Green Fields of England* was evidently written during his absence from England. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Green fields of England ! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
One image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your love smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me !

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
Dear home in England, won at last !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875

Charles Kingsley's poems are not so well known as his novels, but, despite some faults, they have the same manly touch and resolute patriotism. It has been well said of him "he had a capacity for poetry as he had a capacity for many things. His work has always a strong dash in it of the sentimental manliness, the combination of muscularity and morality peculiar to its author."

Welcome, wild North-Easter !

Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr ;

Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-Easter !

O'er the German foam ;

O'er the Danish moorlands,

From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,

Tired of gaudy glare,

Showers soft and steaming,

Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,

Through the lazy day :

Jovial wind of winter,

Turns us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! the brave North-Easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can override you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-Wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-Easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

A NATION'S WEALTH

JOHN KELLS INGRAM, 1823-

John Kells Ingram, LL.D. (born 1823), has held several distinguished positions in connection with Trinity College, Dublin, and the presidency of the Royal Irish Academy. He is best known by his writings on Political Economy. In 1900 he published a volume of *Sonnets and other Poems*, and two years later edited the first English translation of *The Imitation* from MSS. in Cambridge and Dublin. By permission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.

O England, thou hast many a precious
dower ;

But of all treasures it is thine to claim,
Prize most the memory of each sainted name,
That in thy realm, in field or hall or bower,
Hath wrought high deeds or utter'd words of
power—

Unselfish warrior, without fear or blame—
Statesman, with sleepless watch and stead-
fast aim

Holding his country's helm in perilous hour—
Poet, whose heart is with us to this day
Embalm'd in song—or Priest, who by the ark
Of faith stood firm in troublous times and
dark.

Call them not dead, my England! such as they
Not *were* but *are* ; within us each survives
And lives an endless life in others' lives.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE OUTCAST

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832

From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (Canto vi.), Scott's first great romance in verse. The poem was written at the suggestion, and in honour of Lady Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.



GREAT HEARTS BY SEA
AND LAND





BOADICEA

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

Boadicea, the warrior Queen of the East Coast British, flourished in the second half of the first century. Wronged by the Roman soldiers, she collected a great army, and for some time waged war with success. Eventually conquered by the Romans, she committed suicide.

When the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage, and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“ Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“ Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name ;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“ Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“ Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died ;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe ;

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.”

THE BENDED BOW

FELICIA HEMANS

There is a tradition that in olden times war was declared in Britain by sending messengers through the land in all directions, each bearing a bended bow. In like manner peace was announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended
bow ;
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds
far,
As the land rose up at the sound of war.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“ Heard you not the battle horn ?—
Reaper ! leave thy golden corn !
Leave it for the birds of heaven,
Swords must flash, and spears be riven !
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm ! ere Britain's turf grow red ! ”

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's
son ;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Hunter ! leave the mountain-chase !
Take the falchion from its place !
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey !
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes are nigh ! ”

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was
done ;
And the bended bow and the voice passed
on.

“ Chieftain ! quit the joyous feast !
Stay not till the song hath ceased :
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee ! Britain's foes must fall. ”

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was
blown ;

And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Prince ! thy father's deeds are told,

In the bower, and in the hold !

Where the goatherd's lay is sung,

Where the minstrel's harp is strung,

Foes are on thy native sea—

Give our bards a tale of thee !”

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's
son ;

And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Mother ! stay not thou thy boy !

He must learn the battle's joy,

Sister bring the sword and spear,

Give thy brother words of cheer !

Maiden ! bid thy lover part,

Britain calls the strong in heart !”

And the bended bow and the voice passed on ;

And the bards made song for a battle won.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

A SONG OF KING ARTHUR

JOHN DRYDEN, 1631-1700

From Dryden's opera, *King Arthur*, produced for King Charles II. in 1691. The opera was set to music by Purcell. King Arthur is frequently represented as a Christian prince who, in the sixth century, fought for the liberty and faith of his country against the pagan Saxons.

Come, if you dare, our trumpets sound ;
Come, if you dare, the foes rebound :
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the
thundering drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again :
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind, that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound :
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly ;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run :
We return to our lasses like fortunate
traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd
invaders.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796

At the battle of Bannockburn (1314) Robert Bruce with thirty thousand Scotch gained a great victory over Edward II. with one hundred thousand English. By this signal victory Bruce secured his throne and his country's independence. The poem was composed on a stormy day in July 1793, while Burns was riding with a friend over the moors in Kirkcudbrightshire.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?—
Let him turn, and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

GATHERING-SONG OF BLACK DONALD

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The pibroch of Donald Dhu is an old war tune of the Clan MacDonald. It is said to be connected with the expedition, in 1431, of Donald Balloch of the Isles, who invaded Lochaber, and defeated, at Inverlochy, a much larger army under the command of the Earls of Mar and Caithness. This song of Sir Walter Scott's was written for *Albyn's Anthology* (Campbell) in 1816.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.

Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

KING HARRY TO HIS SOLDIERS

At the Siege of Harfleur

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The siege of Harfleur (August 13–September 22, 1415) almost immediately preceded the Battle of Agincourt (October 25). The English army was decimated by dysentery, but the indomitable spirit of Henry and his soldiers carried the siege to a successful issue. But it was a mere remnant of his army that the king led into the fallen town. The speech of King Henry refers to the final attack (*King Henry V.*, Act iii. Sc. 1).

“ Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more ;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Disguise fair nature with hard favour'd rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'er-
whelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest
English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-
proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even
fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argu-
ment :
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did be-
get you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show
us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

That you are worth your breeding ; which
I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry ' God for Harry, England, and Saint
George ! ' "

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563-1631

The battle of Agincourt was fought in October 1415, when, it is said, 10,000 English were opposed by 50,000 French. The English victory was so decisive that 10,000 Frenchmen were slain, among them being six princes and dukes. Five princes were taken prisoners.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the King sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
" Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazéd.
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
 By fame been raiséd."

" And for myself," quoth he,
" This my full rest shall be ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen ;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went ;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another !

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
 To England to carry ;
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ST. CRISPIN'S DAY AT AGINCOURT

King Harry to His Soldiers

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

St. Crispin's Day, October 25. SS. Crispin and Crispian, or Crispinian, are mentioned in various martyrologies, but the earliest accounts of them are so mixed up with fable as to be nearly useless. Brothers and natives of Rome, they worked as shoemakers at Soissons, and were martyred there in the latter half of the third century. Shakespeare evidently regarded Crispin and Crispian as a single saint. (*King Henry V.*, Act iv. Sc. 3.)

“ This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say ‘ To-morrow is saint Crispian : ’
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his
scars,
And say ‘ These wounds I had on Crispin’s
day.’
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he’ll remember with advantages

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

What feats he did that day : then shall our
names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
And gentlemen in England now abed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were
not there,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any
speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day."



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

SONG OF THE ENGLISH BOWMEN

ANONYMOUS

At the Battle of Agincourt (1415) an English army of 10,000 men, led by Henry V., defeated with great slaughter a French army of 50,000. The English bowmen, who were posted on the wings of the little army, received the French cavalry charge with such a storm of arrows that the cavalry at once broke and fled, completely disorganising the French lines. The light-armed bowmen then flung themselves upon the French men-at-arms, who fought on foot, in close array and heavily armoured, and made great havoc among them.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where English slew and hurt
 All their French foemen ?
With their pikes and bills brown
How the French were beat down,
 Shot by our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot,
 Or known to no men ?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
 Slain by our Bowmen !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Agincourt, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt ?

English of every sort,

High men and low men,

Fought that day wondrous well,

All our old stories tell,

Thanks to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt ?

Where our fifth Harry taught

Frenchmen to know men :

And, when the day was done,

Thousands there fell to one

Good English Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !

Know ye not Agincourt ?

Dear was the vict'ry bought

By fifty yeomen.

Ask any English wench,

They were worth all the French :

Rare English Bowmen !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

ANONYMOUS

Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the year 1587, succeeded the Earl of Leicester as General of the English forces in the United Provinces. He showed great courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. Norris and Turner were also famous soldiers of Elizabeth's reign. This old ballad, a great favourite with our forefathers, celebrates one of Lord Willoughby's victories against great odds, but history supplies no authentic details.

The fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field :
The most conspicuous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he :
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about :
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out :
You musket and cailiver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the bravest man in fight,”
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most valiantly
Not doubting to prevail :
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more ;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And bearing up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And cutting tow'rds the Spaniard,
Five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly,
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously :
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee :
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
" Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If that we longer stay :
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground
For all the devils in hell."

And when the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously
To rout his forces quite ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And at last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky :
" God and Saint George for England ! "
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
" O ! this is brave Lord Willoughby
My love that ever won :
Of all the lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done ! "

To the soldiers that were maimèd,
And the wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of eighteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free ;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed !
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our country free,
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

ANONYMOUS

This old ballad dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century. The full title is, "The Honour of Bristol; showing how *The Angel Gabriel* of Bristol fought with three ships, who boarded as many times, wherein we cleared our decks and killed 500 of their men and wounded many more, and made them fly into Cales (Cadiz), when we had lost but three men, to the honour of *The Angel Gabriel* of Bristol." By permission of Mr. David Nutt.

Attend you, and give ear awhile,
And you shall understand
Of a battle fought upon the seas
By a ship of brave command.
The fight it was so glorious
Men's hearts it did fulfil,
And it made them cry, "To sea, to sea,
With the *Angel Gabriel!*"

This lusty ship of Bristol,
Sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England,
Her strength with them to try ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Well victualled, rigged, and manned she was,
With good provision still,
Which made them cry, "To sea, to sea,
With the *Angel Gabriel!*"

The Captain, famous Netherway
(That was his noble name) ;
The Master—he was called John Mines—
A mariner of fame :
The Gunner, Thomas Watson,
A man of perfect skill :
With many another valiant heart
In the *Angel Gabriel.*

They waving up and down the seas
Upon the ocean main,
"It is not long ago," quoth they,
"That England fought with Spain :
O would the Spaniard we might meet
Our stomachs to fulfil !
We would play him fair a noble bout
With our *Angel Gabriel!*"

They had no sooner spoken
But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
Of warlike trim and might ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

With bloody resolution
They thought our men to spill,
And vowed that they would make a prize
Of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our gallant ship had in her
Full forty fighting men ;
With twenty piece of ordnance
We played about them then,
With powder, shot, and bullets
Right well we worked our will,
And hot and bloody grew the fight
With our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our Captain to our Master said,
" Take courage, Master bold !"
Our Master to the seamen said,
" Stand fast, my hearts of gold !"
Our Gunner unto all the rest,
" Brave hearts, be valiant still !
Fight on, fight on in the defence
Of our *Angel Gabriel* !"

We gave them such a broadside
It smote their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit off their ship,
Which made the Spaniards wonder,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And causèd them in fear to cry,
With voices loud and shrill,
“ Help, help, or sunken we shall be
By the *Angel Gabriel!*”

So desperately they boarded us
For all our valiant shot,
Threescore of their best fighting men
Upon our decks were got ;
And lo ! at their first entrances
Full thirty did we kill,
And thus with speed we cleared the deck
Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

With that their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
Cried out “ A fig for Spain ! ”
Though seven times they boarded us
At last we showed our skill,
And made them feel what men we were
On the *Angel Gabriel.*

Seven hours this fight continued :
So many men lay dead,
With Spanish blood for fathoms round
The sea was coloured red.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Five hundred of their fighting men
We there outright did kill,
And many more were hurt and maimed
By our *Angel Gabriel*.

Then seeing of these bloody spoils,
The rest made haste away :
For why, they said, it was no boot
The longer there to stay.
Then they fled into Calès,
Where lie they must and will
For fear lest they should meet again
With our *Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our English ship
But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
Will soon be well again.
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our lusty hearts
And our *Angel Gabriel*.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

WAR SONG OF THE IRISH

THOMAS MOORE, 1779-1852

In spite of all criticism Moore retains his position as the national poet of Ireland. He was only eighteen, as he himself tells us, when he first awoke to the beauties of the national music of Ireland. It was like the revelation of a new sense to him. Thenceforth, we read of him, "at every opportunity his hands were upon the key-board of a piano in his newly kindled passion for song." In Keats's memoir we read that on one occasion when Moore had been pouring his whole soul into the impassioned tune of "Redfox," familiar now from its association with the melody, "Let Erin remember the days of old," Robert Emmet, starting abruptly as if from a reverie, leaped to his feet exclaiming, "O! that I were at the head of 20,000 men marching to that air."

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er,
Tho' lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora no more !
That star of the field, which so often has
pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set ;
But enough of its glory remains on each
sword
To light us to victory yet !

Mononia ! when Nature embellished the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Did she ever intend that a tyrant should
print

The footstep of slavery there ?

No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never
resign,

Go, tell our invaders the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy
shrine

Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who
stood

In the day of distress by our side ;

While the moss of the valley grew red with
their blood,

They stirred not, but conquered and died !

The sun that now blesses our arms with his
light,

Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain :

Oh ! let him not blush when he leaves us
to-night

To find that they fell there in vain !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW

From the Irish

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON, 1810-1886

Sir Samuel Ferguson, whose encyclopedic learning in all that regarded the annals, law, and antiquity of Ireland did not prevent him from becoming the foremost Irish poet of the middle Victorian era, was the author of *Congal: an Epic Poem, Lays of the Western Gael, the Remains of St. Patrick, &c.* His volume of poems published in 1880, which contained "Conary," "Deirdre," and "The Naming of Cuchullin," is probably the best and the most popular of his books.

God be with the Irish host !
Never be their battle lost !
For, in battle, never yet
Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armour, red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight !
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Like a wild beast in his den,
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Crean's richest valleys ravage.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts,
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come,
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw,
God be with Clan Ranelagh !
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in Thy holy keeping,
God be with them lying sleeping,
God be with them standing fighting,
Erin's foes in battle smiting !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

JOHN JONES

Glyndwr, see thy comet flaming !
Hear a heav'nly voice declaiming,
To the world below proclaiming
 "Cambria shall be free !"

While thy star on high is beaming,
Soldiers from the mountain teeming,
With their spears and lances gleaming,
 Come to follow thee.

Hear the trumpet sounding,
 While the steeds are bounding !
On the gale from hill and dale,
 The war-cry is resounding.

Warriors famed in song and story,
Coming from the mountains hoary,
Rushing to the field of glory,
 Eager for the fray,—
 To the valley wending,
 Hearths and homes defending
With their proud and valiant Prince

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

From ancient kings descending,—
See the mighty host advancing,
Sunbeams on their helmets dancing !
On his gallant charger prancing
Glyndwr leads the way.

Now to battle they are going,
Every heart with courage glowing,
Pride and passion overflowing,
In the furious strife ;
Lo, the din of war enrages,
Vengeance crowns the hate of ages,
Sternly foe with foe engages,
Feeding Death with Life !
Hear the trumpets braying,
And the horses neighing !
Hot the strife while fiery foes
Are one another slaying !

Arrows fly as swift as lightning,
Shout on shout the tumult height'ning,
Conquest's ruddy wing is bright'ning,
Helmet, sword and shield ;
With their lances flashing,
Warriors wild are crashing
Through the tyrant's serried ranks,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Whilst onwards they are dashing !
Now the enemy is flying,
Trampling on the dead and dying ;
Victory aloft is crying
" Cambria wins the field ! "

THE SPANISH ARMADA

LORD MACAULAY, 1800-1859

The King of Spain sent a gigantic fleet against England in 1588, consisting of 130 vessels of great size. To oppose it England had only 30 small ships of the line, with 40 others, which lay off Dunkirk to intercept the Duke of Parma.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble
England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought
in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her
bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest
hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm
summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail
to Plymouth Bay ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet,
beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving
many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's
especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her
close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed
along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edge-
cumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry
along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode
inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old
sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before
him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market-cross make
clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard
of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily
dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal
blazon swells.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his
ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the
gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on
that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and
Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he
turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flag-staff deep, Sir Knight :
ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants,
draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes,
waft her wide ;
Our glorious Semper Eadem, the banner of
our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that
banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that
haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the
purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor
e'er again shall be.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from
Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy
as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly
war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it
shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those
twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's
glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from
Mendip's sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's
oaks, the fiery herald flew ;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the
rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang
out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met
on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth
into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the
streak of blood-red light.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the
death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the
royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the
answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her
reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed
loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent
back a louder cheer :
And from the furthest wards was heard the
rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags
rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and
louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse
came spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath
the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the
gallant squires of Kent.
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills flew
those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor
they started for the North ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And on, and on, without a pause, untired
they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ;
they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er
Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the
stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on
Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the
Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on
Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all
the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to
Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the
wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on
Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the
burghers of Carlisle.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

BALLAD OF THE ARMADA

AUSTIN DOBSON, 1840

One of the author's delightful "Essays in old French Forms." Its full title is, "A Ballad to Queen Elizabeth; of the Spanish Armada," and it first appeared in the *St. James's Magazine* for October 1877. By permission of Mr. Austin Dobson.

King Philip had vaunted his claims ;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us ;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us ;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And scatter our ships on the main ;
But we had bold Neptune to back us—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us ;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain ;
Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

Envoy

Gloriana !—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

DRAKE'S DRUM

HENRY NEWBOLT, 1862-

Mr. Henry Newbolt (born 1862) is the Editor of the "Monthly Review," and author of *The Island Race*, *Froissart in Britain*, *Mordred*, and other works. By permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand
mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios
Bay,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the
ships,

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night
tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long
ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the
Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart
at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
Hoe.

" Take my drum to England, hang et by the
shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'
Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we
drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great
Armadas come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for
the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth
Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the
Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag
flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as
they found him long ago !

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

"If pardon could ever be won for a tyranny, the wisdom
and grandeur with which he used the power he had
usurped would win pardon for the Protector."

J. R. Green.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a
cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
plough'd.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And on the neck of crownéd Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots
imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much
remains
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War : New foes
arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the
paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
maw.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

FROM THE PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR

EDMUND WALLER, 1605-1687

"Everybody nowadays reflect upon Oliver and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbouring princes fear him."—Pepys' Diary.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature
 craves
And all that's rare, as tribute from the
 waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven
 denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it
 grow,
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine ;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither
swims.

Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others
sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil
breeds ;

Stout are our men, and warlike are our
steeds :

Rome, though her eagle through the world
had flown,

Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince
too,

France - conquering Henry flourished, and
now you :

For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian
state,

Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian
cry'd,

He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide

Another yet : a world reserv'd for you,

To make more great than that he did subdue.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the
Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless
field,
More spoils than honour to the victor
yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made
bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and
cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them
come ;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to
know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun ; but must extol your
grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them
place.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Preferred by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came
home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state ;
While by your valour, and your bounteous
mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

BONNIE DUNDEE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

On the abdication of James II. (1688) the Scottish Convention of Estates declared for William and Mary. Therefore John Graham of Claverhouse, who had been created Viscount Dundee by James, raised the standard of revolt in the highlands. The character and life of Claverhouse have been the subject of bitter controversy. To the Cavaliers he was "Bonnie Dundee," to the covenanters he was "Bloody Claverhouse." The song, which occurs in Scott's drama *The Doom of Devorgoil*, was written in 1852, as we learn from Sir Walter's diary. "The air of *Bonnie Dundee* running in my head to-day, I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the keynote from the story of Clavers leaving the Scotch Convention of Estates in 1688-9. I wonder if they are good."

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se
who spoke,
Ere the King's crown shall fall there are
crowns to be broke ;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

*Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your
men ;*

*Come open the West Port, and let me gang
free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee!*

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they
are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, ' Just e'en
let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
Dundee ! '

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the
Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow ;
But the young plants of grace they looked
couthie and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie
Dundee.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket
was crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be
hanged ;
There was spite in each look, there was fear
in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the
causeway was free,

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle
rock,

And with the gay Gordon he gallantly
spoke ;

“ Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three,

For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he
goes :

“ Where'er shall direct me the shade of
Montrose !

Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings
of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands
beyond Forth,

If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs
in the North ;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand
times three

Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonnie
Dundee.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“ There's brass on the target of barked
bull-hide ;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles
beside ;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall
flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

“ Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of
your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and
me ! ”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets
were blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen
rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's
lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie
Dundee.

*Come, fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the
men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie
Dundee !*

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

ANONYMOUS

The air of this familiar song is very old, but the "Great Argyll" referred to in stanza three is believed to be John, Duke of Argyll, who during the rebellion of 1715 was commander of the royal forces in Scotland.

The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho !
The Campbells are comin' O-ho !
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch-
leven !
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho !

Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay ;
Upon the Lomonds I lay ;
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,
An' saw three perches play.

Great Argyll he goes before ;
He makes the cannons an' guns to roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum ;
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho !

The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho, O-ho !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

OVER THE BORDER

SIR WALTER SCOTT

From *The Monastery* (chap. xxv.). " 'What, ho! my masters,' cried the Baron of Avenel, 'are ye Border riders, and sit as mute over your meal as a mess of monks and friars? Some one sing, if no one list to speak. Meat eaten without mirth or music is ill of digestion. Louis,' he added, speaking to one of the youngest of his followers, 'thou art ready enough to sing when no one bids thee.' The young man . . . with a rough, yet not unmelodious voice, sang the following ditty, to the ancient air of 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.' "

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in
order ?

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the
Border.

Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story ;
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish
glory !

Come from the hills where the hirsels are
grazing,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Come from the glen of the buck and the
roe ;

Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the
bow.

Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in
good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the
Border !

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

This spirited song, which is sometimes ascribed to Burns, appeared about 1746. The tune "O'er the Water to Charlie" occurs in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*, published some years before Culloden, and seems to indicate the existence of an older song with the same title and refrain.

*We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie!
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie.*

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Come, boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie !
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him ;
But, O ! to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's foes before him !

I swear by moon and stars sae bright
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gie them a' for Charlie !

*We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie !
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live and die wi' Charlie !*



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THE ISLE INVIOULATE



THE ISLE INVOLATE

THE ISLE INVOLATE

THE ISLE INVOLATE



THE DEATH OF WOLFE

DUNCAN ANDERSON

James Wolfe, the most famous English general of his time, died in battle at the taking of Quebec, and in the very moment of victory, on September 13, 1759. He was then only in his thirty-third year, but his reputation as a brave and capable officer, with a genius for military command, was already firmly established. The scaling of the cliffs on the night preceding the battle has been described as "an operation of such frightful risk and difficulty as in war has scarcely a parallel." When the dying general was informed that the victory was won, he murmured, "Now God be praised: I die in peace," and immediately expired. From *Lays of Canada*. By permission of John Lovell & Son.

"On with the charge!" he cries, and waves
his sword ;—

One rolling cheer five thousand voices
swell ;—

The levelled guns pour forth their leaden
shower,

While thund'ring cannons' roar, half
drowns the Huron yell.

"On with the charge!" with shout and
cheer they come ;—

No laggard there upon that field of fame.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

The lurid plain gleams like a seething hell,
And every rock and tree send forth their
bolts of flame.

On! on! they sweep. Uprise the waiting
ranks—

Still as the grave—unmoved as granite
wall ;—

The foe before—the dizzy crags behind—

They fight, the day to win, or like true
warriors fall.

Forward they sternly move, then halt to
wait

That raging sea of human life now near ;—

“Fire!” rings from right to left,—each
musket rings,

As if a thunder-peal had struck the
startled ear.

Again, and yet again that volley flies,—

With deadly aim the grapeshot sweeps the
field ;—

All levelled for the charge, the bayonets
gleam,

And brawny arms a thousand claymores
fiercely wield.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And down the line swells high the British
cheer,

That of a future day woke Minden's plain,
And the loud slogan that fair Scotland's
foes

Have often heard with dread, and oft
shall hear again.

And the shrill pipe its coronach that wailed
On dark Culloden moor o'er trampled
dead,

Now sounds the "Onset" that each Clans-
man knows,

Still leads the foremost rank, where noblest
blood is shed.

And on that day no nobler stained the sod,
Than his, who for his country life laid
down ;

Who, for a mighty Empire battled there,
And strove from rival's brow to wrest the
laurel crown.

Twice struck,—he recks not, but still heads
the charge,

But ah ! fate guides the marksman's fatal
ball :—

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

With bleeding breast, he claims a comrade's
aid,—

“We win,—let not my soldiers see their
Leader fall.”

Full well he feels life's tide is ebbing fast,—
When hark! “They run; see how they
run!” they cry.

“Who run?” “The foe.” His eyes flash
forth one gleam,
Then murm'ring low he sighs, “Praise
God, in peace I die.”

Far rolls the battle's din, and leaves its dead,
As when a cyclone thro' the forest
cleaves;—

And the dread claymore heaps the path
with slain,
As strews the biting cold the earth with
autumn leaves.

The Fleur de Lys lies trodden on the
ground,—

The slain Montcalm rests in his warrior
grave,—

“All's well” resounds from tower and
battlement,

And England's banners proudly o'er the
ramparts wave.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Slowly the mighty warships sail away,
To tell their country of an empire won ;
But, ah ! they bear the death-roll of the
slain,
And all that mortal is of Britain's noblest
son.

With bowèd head they lay their hero down,
And pomp and pageant crown the death-
less brave ;—
Loud salvoes sing the soldier's lullaby,
And weeping millions bathe with tears his
honoured grave.

Then bright the bonfires blaze on Albion's
hills,—
And rends the very sky a people's joy ;—
And even when grief broods o'er the vacant
chair,
The mother's heart still nobly gives her
gallant boy.

And while broad England gleams with
glorious light,
And merry peals from every belfry
ring ;—
One little village lies all dark and still,
No fires are lighted there—no battle songs
they sing.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

There in her lonely cot, in widow's weeds,
A mother mourns—the silent tear-drops
fall ;—
She too had given to swell proud England's
fame,
But, ah ! she gave the widow's mite—she
gave her all !

THE "ARETHUSA"

PRINCE HOARE, 1755-1834

The *Arethusa* was attached to Keppel's fleet at the mouth of the Channel. She was sent to order the *Belle Poule*, which, with other craft, was cruising in search of Keppel's ships, to come under her stern. The *Belle Poule* refused, and the *Arethusa* opened fire. After an hour's fighting Keppel's liners came up, the *Belle Poule* made off, and was eventually driven ashore (June 16, 1778).

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza for the *Arethusa* !
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave ;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout
Bore down on the *Arethusa*
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did
lie,
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack ;
Though the Frenchmen laughed and
thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men
how tough,
On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the *Arethusa*.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, " Ho !"
The Frenchman then cried out " Hallo !"
" Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee !"

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“No, no,” says the Frenchman, “that
can't be !”

“Then I must lug you along with me,”
Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
Of the gallant *Arethusa*.

And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with the Britons more,
Let each fill his glass
To his fav'rite lass ;

A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the *Arethusa*.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE"

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

The "Royal George" suddenly sank in Portsmouth Harbour with all on board on August 29, 1782. Over 1100 souls were on the ship when she went down, among them being 300 women and children. Of these 200 only were rescued.

Toll for the Brave !

The Brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was upset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
 His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up
 Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

ANNE MACIVAR GRANT, 1755-1838

Mrs. Grant of Laggan was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. This song was written on the occasion of the departure of the Marquess of Huntly with his regiment for the Continent in 1799. Chappell says: "*The Blue Bells of Scotland*, a favourite ballad, as composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (entered at Stationers' Hall, May 1800), seems to be the tune to which Mrs. Grant's song was written."

O where, tell me where, is your Highland
laddie gone ?

O where, tell me where, is your Highland
laddie gone ?

He's gone with streaming banners, where
noble deeds are done,
And my sad heart will tremble till he come
safely home.

O where, tell me where, did your Highland
laddie stay ?

O where, tell me where, did your Highland
laddie stay ?

He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the
rapid Spey,
And many a blessing follow'd him, the day
he went away.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

O what, tell me what, does your Highland
laddie wear ?

O what, tell me what, does your Highland
laddie wear ?

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant
badge of war,
And a plaid across the manly breast that
yet shall wear a star.

Suppose, ah suppose, that some cruel, cruel
wound

Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all
your hopes confound ?

The pipe would play a cheering march, the
banners round him fly,

The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten
in his eye.

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's
bonnie bounds,

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's
bonnie bounds,

His native land of liberty shall nurse his
glorious wounds,

While wide through all our Highland hills
his warlike name resounds.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

FROM MARMION

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832

Marmion, which contests with *The Lady of the Lake* the claim to be considered Scott's greatest poem, was published in 1808. Within the three preceding years Nelson, Pitt, and Fox had died. *Marmion* was composed in great part in the saddle, and "the stir of a charge of cavalry seems to be at the very core of it." The introductory epistles to the various cantos are classed among the happiest poetic utterances of their kind.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings ;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears.

But oh ! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate ?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike, and the wise ;
The mind, that thought for Britain's
weal,
The hand, that grasped the victor steel ?
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
But vainly, vainly, may he shine,
Where Glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine,
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Pitt, thy hallowed tomb !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart !
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave ;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was
given.

Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no
more.

Nor mourn' ye less his perished worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launched that thunderbolt of
war

On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins an early grave !
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strained at subjection's bursting rein,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

O'er their wild mood full conquest
gained,
The pride he would not crush restrained,
Showed their fierce zeal a worthier
cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid
the freeman's laws.

* * * *

Oh, think, how to his latest day,
When death, just hovering, claimed his
prey,
With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way !
Then, while on Britain's thousand
plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallowed day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, Pitt, lies here !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employed and wanted most ;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below ;
And, if thou mourn'st, they could not
save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppressed
And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings :
Where stiff the hand, and still the
tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and
sung ;

Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
“ All peace on earth, goodwill to men ;”

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

If ever from an English heart,
O *here* let prejudice depart,
And partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died !
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave,
Even then dishonour's peace he spurned,
The sullied olive-branch returned,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast !
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honoured grave ;
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were
known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with
these,

The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where, — taming thought to human
pride !—

The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.

The solemn echo seems to cry,—
“ Here let their discord with them die ;
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb,
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen ? ”

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Battle of Copenhagen was fought on April 10, 1801. The Danes showed desperate valour, encouraged by the presence of the Crown Prince. When their ships struck Nelson sent his famous note to "the brothers of Englishmen, the Danes," which effected a reconciliation between the two countries.

Of Nelson and the North

Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat

Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak !" our captains cried, when
each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose.
As death withdrew his shades from the day:
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou :

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their
grave !

While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

MEN OF ENGLAND !

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Men of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood :—

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom ?
What avails in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants ! Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny ;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1773-1850

At the time of writing this sonnet Wordsworth had quite lost his early sympathy with the French Revolution. Napoleon had just been made First Consul for life, and the poet looks with relief towards England as the land of true liberty.

Fair star of evening, splendour of the west,
Star of my country !—on the horizon's brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to
sink
On England's bosom ; yet well pleased to
rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the nations. Thou, I think,
Shouldst be my country's emblem ; and
shouldst wink,
Bright star, with laughter on her banners
dress'd
In thy fresh beauty. There : that dusky spot
Beneath thee—it is England ! there it lies.
Blessings be on you both ! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory ! I with many a fear
For my dear country, many heartfelt sighs,
'Mong men who do not love her, linger here.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ON LANDING IN ENGLAND

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Composed on August 30, 1802, on returning with his sister from the Continent. "It was very pleasant to me," writes Dorothy Wordsworth in her journal, "when we were in the harbour at Dover, to breathe the fresh air, and to look up and see the stars among the ropes of the vessel. The next day was very hot, we bathed, and sat upon the Dover cliffs and looked upon France with many a melancholy and tender thought. We could see the shores almost as plain as if it were but an English lake." In the account of her tour in 1820, she reverts to this sonnet and cricket match played in the "meadow ground" twenty years before.

Here, on our native soil, we breathe once
more
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
that sound
Of bells ; those boys who in yon meadow-
ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing ; and the
roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ;—
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales ; but never
found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds ; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

My Country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

WAR-SONG

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Written during the apprehension of an invasion for the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons ; a volunteer corps consisting of gentlemen mounted and armed at their own expense. At the time he wrote this song Sir Walter was Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry.

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,
Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the leopard's spoils surround,
With Scotland's hardy thistle crown'd ;
We boast the red and blue.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown,
Dull Holland's tardy train ;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn ;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn ;
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

Oh ! had they mark'd the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain ;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footstep of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore—

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
Adieu each tender tie !
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
High sounds our bugle call ;
Combined by honour's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty* !
March forward, one and all !

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

If the Nith should run to Corsincon it would run backwards. Criffel is a high, green mountain. The song was written when the French threatened to invade England.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it!
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united!
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But Diel a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't!
Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it,
By Heav'ns! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-sworn
brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the
throne,
May they be damned together!

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing "God Save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People !

TO THE MEN OF KENT

October, 1803

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The peace which had been made between France and England a year before had now been broken by the declaration of war, and Napoleon was massing his great army of 100,000 men at Boulogne for the threatened invasion of England.

Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty bow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours
before ;—

No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
We 'all are with you now from shore to
shore ;—

Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

CHARLES WOLFE, 1791-1823

The Battle of Corunna was fought on January 16, 1809. While leading the 42nd Regiment in a brilliant charge Moore was struck by a cannon-ball and died in the moment of victory.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retir-
ing :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

TRAFALGAR

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1825-1897

Francis Turner Palgrave was a distinguished Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and Professor of poetry at his University. Perhaps his keen critical faculty gave a too studious and dignified simplicity to his verse at times, but many of his poems are not lacking in fire and vigour. As the editor of the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, he produced an English anthology which has scarcely been surpassed. His own works included *Idylls and Songs*, *Lyrical Poems*, *A Vision of England*, &c. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

*Heard ye the thunder of battle
Low in the South and afar?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
Crimson o'er Trafalgar?
Such another day never
England will look on again,
When the battle fought was the hottest,
And the hero of heroes was slain!*

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

For the fleet of France and the force of Spain
were gather'd for fight,
A greater than Philip their lord, a new
Armada in might :—
And the sails were aloft once more in the
deep Gaditanian bay,
Where *Redoubtable* and *Bucentaure* and great
Trinidad lay ;

Eager-reluctant to close ; for across the
bloodshed to be
To navies beheld one prize in its glory,—the
throne of the sea !
Which were bravest, who should tell ? for
both were gallant and true ;
But the greatest seaman was ours, of all
that sail'd o'er the blue.

From Cadiz the enemy sallied : they knew
not Nelson was there ;
His name a navy to us, but to them a flag of
despair ;
'Twi'x Algeziras and Aquamonte he guarded
the coast,
Till he bore from Tavira south ; and they
now must fight or be lost ;—
Vainly they steered for the Rock and the
mid-land sheltering sea,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

For he headed the Admirals round, con-
straining them under his lee,
Villeneuve of France, and Gravina of Spain ;
so they shifted their ground,
They could choose,—they were more than
we ;—and they faced at Trafalgar round ;
Rampart-like ranged in line, a sea-fortress
angrily towered !
In the midst, four-storied with guns, the
dark *Trinidad* lower'd.

—So with those—But, meanwhile, as against
some dyke that men massively rear,
From on high the torrent surges, to drive
through the dyke as a spear,
Eagle-eyed e'en in his blindness, our chief
sets his double array,
Making the fleet two spears, to thrust at the
foe any way, . . .

“ Anyhow !—without orders, each captain
his Frenchman may grapple perforce ;
Collingwood first ” (yet the *Victory* ne'er a
whit slacken'd her course)

“ Signal for action ! Farewell ! we shall win,
but we meet not again ! ”

—Then a low thunder of readiness ran from
the decks o'er the main,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And on,—as the message from masthead to
masthead flew out like a flame,
England expects every man will do his duty,
—they came.

—Silent they come :—While the thirty black
forts of the foeman's array
Clothe them in billowy snow, tier speaking
o'er tier as they lay ;
Flashes that thrust and drew in, as swords
when the battle is rife ;—
But ours stood frowningly smiling, and ready
for death as for life.

—O in that interval grim, ere the furies of
slaughter embrace,
Thrills o'er each man some far echo of
England ; some glance of some face !

—Faces gazing seaward through tears from
the ocean-girt shore ;
Faces that near can be gazed on again till
the death pang is o'er . . .

Lone in his cabin the Admiral kneeling, and
all his great heart

As a child's to the mother, goes forth to the
loved one, who bade him depart

. . . O not for death, but glory ! her smile
would welcome him home !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

—Louder and thicker the thunderbolts fall :
—and silent they come.

As when beyond Dongola the lion, whom
hunters attack,
Plagued by their darts from afar, leaps in,
dividing them back ;
So between Spaniard and Frenchman the
Victory wedged with a shout,
Gun against gun ; a cloud from her decks
and lightning went out ;
Iron hailing of pitiless death from the
sulphury smoke ;
Voices hoarse and parch'd, and blood from
invisible stroke.
Each man stood to his work, though his
mates fell smitten around,
As an oak of the wood, while his fellow,
flame-shatter'd, besplinter the ground :—
Gluttons of danger for England, but sparing
the foe as he lay ;
For the spirit of Nelson was on them, and
each was Nelson that day.

“She has struck !”—he shouted—“She burns,
the *Redoubtable* ! Save whom we can ;
“Silence our guns :”—for in him the woman
was great in the man,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

In that heroic heart each drop girl-gentle and
pure,

Dying by those he spared ;—and now Death's
triumph was sure !

From the deck the smoke-wreath clear'd,
and the foe set his rifle in rest,

Dastardly aiming, where Nelson stood forth,
with the stars on his breast,—

“ In honour I gained them, in honour I die
with them ! ” . . . Then, in his place,

Fell . . . “ Hardy ! 'tis over ; but let them
not know : ” and he cover'd his face.

Silent the whole fleet's darling they bore to
the twilight below :

And above the war-thunder came shouting,
as foe struck his flag after foe.

To his heart death rose : and for Hardy, the
faithful, he cried in his pain,—

“ How goes the day with us, Hardy ? ” . . .

“ 'Tis ours ” :—

Then he knew, not in vain

Not in vain for his comrades and England
he bled : how he left her secure,

Queen of her own blue seas, while his name
and example endure.

O, like a lover he loved her ! for her as water
he pours

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Life-blood and life and love, lavish'd all for
her sake, and for ours !

—" Kiss me, Hardy !—Thank God !—I have
done my duty !"—and then

Fled that heroic soul, and left not his like
among men.

Hear ye the heart of a Nation

Groan, for her saviour is gone ;

Gallant and true and tender,

Child and chieftain in one ?

Such another day never

England will weep for again,

When the triumph darkened the triumph,

And the hero of heroes was slain.

ADMIRALS ALL

A Song of Sea Kings

HENRY NEWBOLT

From *Admirals All*. By permission of Elkin Mathews.

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,

Here's to the bold and free !

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,

Hail to the Kings of the sea !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name !

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight ;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began :
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack ;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of
bowls
When the great Armada came ;
But he said, " They must wait their turn,
good souls,"
And he stooped and finished the game.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel
shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
“ I've taken the depth to a fathom,” he cried,
“ And I'll sink with a right good will :
For I know when we're all of us under the
tide
My flag will be fluttering still.”

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound :
“ Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,”
Said he, “ for a thousand pound !”
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head :
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And “ I'm damned if I see it !” he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take—
The realm of the circling sea—
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
And the Rodneys yet to be.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

*Admirals all, for England's sake.
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!*

WATERLOO

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, 1783-1824

From the third canto of Byron's *Childe Harold*. It was the publication of the two preceding cantos which first really established Byron's fame. Considering the poem worthless, he had tossed the manuscript into a trunk. His friend, Mr. Dallas, got sight of it and persuaded Byron to allow it to be published. That was in 1812. "The effect," says Moore, "was electric." "I awoke one morning," Byron wrote afterwards, "and found myself famous." In 1816 the poet left England never to return: and in that year he produced the third canto of *Childe Harold*, containing this spirited and dramatic description of the eve of Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and
brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and
when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like
a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the
wind,

Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Plea-
sure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying
feet.

But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in
once more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !

Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high
hall

Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did
hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's pro-
phetic ear ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And when they smiled because he deem'd
it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too
well

Which stretch'd his father on a bloody
bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone
could quell :

He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fight-
ing, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and
fro,

And gathering tears, and tremblings of
distress,

And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveli-
ness ;

And there were sudden partings, such as
press

The life from out young hearts, and chok-
ing sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated : who
would guess

If ever more should meet those mutual
eyes,

Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And there was mounting in hot haste : the
steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clatter-
ing car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous
speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning
star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror
dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe !
They come ! they come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's gather-
ing " rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her
Saxon foes :
How in the noon of night that pibroch
thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath
which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-
taineers

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her
green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they
pass,
Grieving, if ought inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall
grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder
cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the
day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which
when rent

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd
and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
burial blent !

AFTER WATERLOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

From Wordsworth's noble Ode for the morning of the day
appointed for a general thanksgiving, January 18, 1816.

Who to the murmurs of an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell :
Of One that, 'mid the failing, never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and pre-
vailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity ;
Shall show her clothed with strength and
skill,
All martial duties to fulfil ;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight ;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Fierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night
To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream—

Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S SONG

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, 1785-1842

Allan Cunningham, the writer of this exquisite song, ranks among the foremost of the Scotch lyrical poets. The war-references in the song are to the irresistible and sweeping conquests of Napoleon on land contrasted with his powerlessness against the British fleet on the sea.

Away with bayonet and with lance,
With corselet, casque, and sword ;
Our island-king no war-horse needs,
For on the sea he's lord.
His throne's the war-ship's lofty deck,
His sceptre is the mast ;
His kingdom is the rolling wave,
His servant is the blast.
His anchor's up, fair Freedom's flag
Proud to the mast he nails ;
Tyrants and conquerors bow your heads,
For there your terror sails.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

I saw fierce Prussia's chargers stand,
Her children's sharp swords out ;—
Proud Austria's bright spurs streaming red
When rose the closing shout ;
But soon the steeds rush'd masterless,
By tower, and town, and wood ;
For lordly France her fiery youth
Poured o'er them like a flood.
Go, hew the gold spurs from your heels,
And let your steeds run free ;
Then come to our unconquered decks,
And learn to reign at sea.

Behold yon black and batter'd hulk
That slumbers on the tide,
There is no sound from stem to stern,
For peace has pluck'd her pride ;
The masts are down, the cannon mute,
She shows nor sheet nor sail,
Nor starts forth with the seaward breeze,
Nor answers shout nor hail ;
Her merry men, with all their mirth,
Have sought some other shore ;
And she with all her glory on
Shall rule the sea no more.

So landsmen speak. Lo ! her top-masts
Are quivering in the sky ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Her sails are spread, her anchor's raised,
There sweeps she gallant by.
A thousand warriors fill her decks ;
Within her painted side
The thunder sleeps—man's might has nought
Can match or mar her pride.
In victor glory goes she forth ;
Her stainless flag flies free ;
Kings of the earth, come and behold
How Britain reigns on sea !

When on your necks the armèd foot
Of fierce Napoleon trod,
And all was his, save the wide sea,
Where we triumphant rode,
He launched his terror and his strength,
Our sea-born pride to tame ;
They came—they got the Nelson-touch,
And vanish'd as they came.
Go, hang your bridles in your halls,
And set your war-steeds free ;
The world has one unconquer'd king,
And he reigns on the sea !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

MERRY ENGLAND

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

This sonnet, and the one which follows, were composed during a summer tour in Staffa and Iona in 1833. Public affairs in England had been for some time greatly agitated. The intense bitterness of the great struggle for Reform had not yet died away, and many people had grave fears for the immediate future of the country. The echoes of this disturbed feeling may be heard in these two sonnets.

They called Thee Merry England in old
time,

A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime,
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st
the same

Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief: though some
there are

Whose sterner judgments deem that word a
snare

For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can,
I ask,

This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless
will ?

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Forbid it, Heaven !—and Merry England still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and
rhyme !

HOPE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Despond who will—*I* heard a voice exclaim,
' Though fierce the assault, and shattered
the defence,
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall ; that She, whose virtue put to
shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's
aim,
Should perish, self-subverted. Black and
dense
The cloud is ; but brings *that* a day of doom
To Liberty ? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred
shone :
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales ! ye Streams,
sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892

"The stately and moving ode on the death of Wellington, a splendid heroic piece unappreciated at the moment" (Lang), was the first official production of Tennyson as Poet Laureate. After lying in state at Chelsea for five days, the Duke was buried in St. Paul's on November 18, 1852. The Ode, which was written at Twickenham, was published on the morning of the funeral, but additions were afterwards made to it.

I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty
nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we
deplore ?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow ;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men
drew,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds
that blew !

Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen
no more.

V

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem
roll'd

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.

For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain
taught

The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.

O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

" Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd
guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier
and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my
rest ?"

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous
man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun ;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe - shadowing
wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler
down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves
away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and over-
threw.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by
thine !

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly
set
His Briton in blown seas and storming
showers,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

We have a voice, with which to pay the
debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it
ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the
soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there
springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of
mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be
just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

In thunder, silent : yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who
spoke ;

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one re-
buke

All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he : his work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure :
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory :
And let the land whose hearths he saved
from shame

For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see.
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and
brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's
ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs
and tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal dis-
appears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Speak no more of his renown,
Let your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.



The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery to the present time. It is written in a simple and interesting style, and is well adapted for the use of schools and families.

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YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY



THE HISTORY OF THE

WESTERN AND TODAY

OF THE



HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889

Browning had been engaged for some time on his great poem *Sordello*. On Good Friday (1838) he sailed for Venice, intending to finish the poem among the scenes he describes. He went through the Bay of Biscay and suffered much from the rough weather. The captain supported him on deck as they passed through the Straits of Gibraltar that he might gaze on the sight. *Home Thoughts, from the Sea* tells us what he saw.

Nobly, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the North-
West died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking
into Cadiz Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face
Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned
Gibraltar grand and grey ;
" Here and here did England help me : how
can I help England ? "—say,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God
to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa.

THE "BIRKENHEAD"

SIR HENRY YULE

The troopship *Birkenhead* sailed from Queenstown on January 7, 1852, with nearly 700 souls on board, mostly soldiers. On February 26 she struck on a rock off Simons Bay, South Africa. As the boats would only hold about 140, the women and children were safely sent away. The officers and men formed on deck, maintaining discipline to the last, and went down with the ship.

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare and din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find
their boat

Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they
stood,

Biding God's pleasure and their chief's com-
mand.

Calm was the sea, but not less calm that
band

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Close ranged upon the poop, with bated
breath
But flinching not though eye to eye with
death !

Heroes ! Who were those heroes ? Veterans
steeled

To face the King of Terrors 'mid the scaith
Of many a hurricane and trenchèd field ?

Far other : weavers from the stocking-
frame ;

Boys from the plough ; cornets with beard-
less chin,

But steeped in honour and in discipline !

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred
name,

Long since divorced from Hope suggests but
shame,

Disaster, and thy captains held at bay

By naked hordes ; but as thou weapest,
thank

Heaven for those undegenerate sons who
sank

Aboard the *Birkenhead* in Simon's Bay !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY, 1852

This call on the boldness and patriotism of Britons was occasioned by the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon, who two months previously had practically made himself Emperor of the French. There was a party, headed by Lord Palmerston, in favour of England's acquiescence in the change, for fear of possible war with France.

My Lords, we heard you speak : you told us
all

That England's honest censure went too
far ;

That our free press should cease to brawl,
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.

It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into
words.

We love not this French God, the child of
Hell,

Wild War, who breaks the converse of the
wise ;

But though we love kind Peace so well,

We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.
It might be safe our censures to withdraw ;
And yet, my Lords, not well : there is a
higher law.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break ;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice in Europe : we, *must*
speak ;
That if to-night our greatness were struck
dead,
There might be left some record of the
things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we be bold.
Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant o'er.
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd
On her and us and ours for evermore.
What ! have we fought for Freedom from
our prime,
At last to dodge and palter with a public
crime ?

Shall we fear *him*? our own never fear'd.
From our first Charles by force we wrung
our claims.
Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second James.
I say, we *never* feared ! and as for these,
We broke them on the land, we drove them
on the seas.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And you, my Lords, you make the people
muse

In doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—
Were those your sires who fought at Lewes?

Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?

O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,
Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this
monstrous fraud!

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,
Not ours the fault if we have feeble hosts—
If easy patrons of their kin

Have left the last free race with naked
coasts!

They knew the precious things they had to
guard:

For us, we will not spare the tyrant one
hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may
bawl,

What England was, shall her true sons
forget?

We are not cotton-spinners all,

But some love England and her honour yet.
And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,
And hold against the world this honour of
the land.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

HANDS ALL ROUND

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

In 1852, when this song was written, Tennyson regarded France under Napoleon as "a serious menace to the peace of Europe." "Tennyson really believed, obsolete as the faith may be, in guarding our own both on land and sea. A critic, however, writes thus: 'When our poet descends into the arena of party polemics, in such things as *Riflemen Form*, *Hands all Round*, and *The Fleet*, topics dear to the Jingo soul, it is not poetry, but journalism.' I doubt whether the desirableness of a volunteer force and of a fleet really is within the arena of party polemics. If any party thinks that we really ought to have no volunteers, and that it is our duty to starve the fleet, what is that party's name? If to defend our homes, and this England, be Jingoism, Tennyson, like Shakespeare, was a Jingo."—Andrew Lang.

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,

Then drink to England, every guest ;

That man's the best Cosmopolite

Who loves his noble country best.

May freedom's oak for ever live

With stronger life from day to day ;

That man's the true Conservative

Who lops the mouldered branch away.

Hands all round !

God the traitor's hope confound !

To this great cause of Freedom drink, my
friends,

And the great name of England, round and
round.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole !

To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole !

To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm !

To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.

Hands all round !

God the traitor's hope confound !

To this great name of England drink, my
friends,

And all her glorious Empire round and
round.

To all our statesmen so they be
True leaders of the land's desire !

To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire !

We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state ;

Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great.

Hands all around !

God the traitor's hope confound !

To this great cause of Freedom drink my
friends,

And the great name of England, round and
round.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

At the Battle of Balaclava, October 25, 1854, by some confusion of orders, between 600 and 700 of the British light cavalry brigade charged the whole Russian army, got possession for a little while of the enemy's artillery, and cut their way back through a body of 5000 horse. They lost, however, two-thirds of their own number. When Tennyson wrote *The Charge* he evidently had before him the description of the *Times* correspondent (W. H. Russell).

I

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !" he said ;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II

"Forward, the Light Brigade !"
Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd :

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke :
Cossack and Russian

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE LESSON OF THE WAR

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1835-1864

Adelaide Anne Procter was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, a poet of the school of Keats and Leigh Hunt. Adelaide A. Procter had considerable reputation as a poet, and some of her devotional lyrics are in most of the Church Hymnals in use to-day.

The feast is spread through England
For rich and poor to-day ;
Greetings and laughter may be there,
But thoughts are far away ;
Over the stormy ocean,
Over the dreary track,
Where some are gone whom England
Will never welcome back.

Breathless she waits, and listens
For every eastern breeze
That bears upon its bloody wings
News from beyond the seas.
The leafless branches stirring
Make many a watcher start ;
The distant tramp of steeds may send
A throb from heart to heart.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

The rulers of the nation,
The poor ones at their gate,
With the same eager wonder
The same great news await.
The poor man's stay and comfort,
The rich man's joy and pride,
Upon the bleak Crimean shore
Are fighting side by side.

The bullet comes—and either
A desolate hearth may see ;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be !
The dread that stirs the peasant
Thrills nobles' hearts with fear—
Yet above selfish sorrow
Both hold their country dear.

The rich man who reposes
In his ancestral shade,
The peasant at his ploughshare,
The worker at his trade,
Each one his all has perilled,
Each has the same great stake,
Each soul can but have patience,
Each heart can only break !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Hushed is all party clamour ;
 One thought in every heart,
One dread in every household,
 Has bid such strife depart.
England has called her children ;
 Long silent—the word came
That lit the smouldering ashes
 Through all the land to flame.

O you who toil and suffer,
 You gladly heard the call ;
But those you sometimes envy
 Have they not given their all ?
O you who rule the nation,
 Take now the toil-worn hand—
Brothers you are in sorrow,
 In duty to your land.
Learn but this noble lesson,
 Ere Peace returns again,
And the life-blood of Old England
 Will not be shed in vain.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS

June 26, 1857

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

The decoration of the Victoria Cross was instituted on the termination of the Crimean War in 1856. Its distinguishing feature is that it may be granted to a soldier of any rank for a single act of valour, or devotion, performed in presence of the enemy. The decoration is in the form of a Maltese cross and is made of bronze, and bears the inscription, "For Valour." The ribbon is blue for the navy, and red for the army. From *Poems Narrative and Lyrical*. By permission of the author.

To-day the people gather from the streets,
To-day the soldiers muster near and far ;
Peace, with a glad look and a grateful, meets
Her rugged brother War.

To-day the Queen of all the English land,
She who sits high o'er Kaisers and o'er
Kings,
Gives with her royal hand—th' Imperial
hand
Whose grasp the earth enrings—

Her Cross of Valour to the worthiest ;
No golden toy with milky pearl besprent,
But simple bronze, and for a warrior's breast
A fair, fit ornament.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And richer than red gold that dull bronze
seems,
Since it was bought with lavish waste and
worth
Whereto the wealth of earth's gold-sanded
streams
Were but a lack, and dearth.

Muscovite metal makes this English Cross,
Won in a rain of blood and wreath of flame;
The guns that thundered for their brave
lives' loss
Are worn hence, for their fame !

Ay, listen ! all ye maidens laughing-eyed,
And all ye English mothers, be aware !
Those who shall pass before ye at noontide
Yours friends and champions are.

The men of all the army and the fleet,
The very bravest of the very brave,
Linesman and Lord, these fought with equal
feet,
Firm-planted on their grave.

The men who, setting light their blood and
breath
So they might win a victor's haught re-
nown,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Held their steel straight against the face of
Death,
And frowned his frowning down.

And some that grasped the bomb, all fury-
fraught,
And hurled it far, to spend its spite away—
Between the rescue and the risk no thought—
Shall pass our Queen this day.

And some who climbed the deadly glacis-side
For all that steel could stay, or savage
shell ;
And some whose blood upon the Colours
dried
Tells if they bore them well.

Some, too, who, gentle-hearted even in strife,
Seeing their fellow or their friend go down,
Saved his, at peril of their own dear life,
Winning the Civil Crown.

Well done for them ; and, fair Isle, well for
thee !
While that thy bosom beareth sons like
those ;
“ This precious stone set in the silver sea ”
Shall never fear her foes !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1810-1888

In the Chinese war of 1860 some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs, having remained behind with the grog-carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. Next morning the Chinese ordered them to perform the *Kotou*. The Sikhs obeyed, but the English soldier bluntly refused to prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive. He was immediately killed. From *The Return of the Guards and other Poems*. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame :
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In gray soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

BRITONS, HOLD YOUR OWN

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

This song of a fervent but sane Imperialism was written, at the request of the Prince of Wales, for the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in May, 1886. By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Britain fought her sons of yore—
Britain fail'd ; and never more,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin,
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone ;
 Britons, hold your own !

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last ?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still ?
Britain's myriad voices call,
" Sons, be wedded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul !
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne !"
 Britons, hold your own !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

WAR

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND, 1824-

From *The Finding of the Book and other Poems.* By
permission of the Author.

They say that "war in hell," the "great
accursed,"

The sin impossible to be forgiven ;
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the
storm

Perchance makes battles too !

The life He loves is not the life of span
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of man
Victorious over death,

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning star.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt
beside
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
Have won a fiery and unequal fray,—
No infantry has ever done such deed
Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell
Have grasped the higher lessons that
endure,—
The gallant Private learns to practise well
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
A mighty music solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can
mark,
The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
The just-recorded name—

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

The faithful following of the flag all day,
The duty done that brings no nation's
thanks,
The *Ama Nesciri** of some grim and grey
Á Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to
guard,
The patient strength that is too proud to
press,
The duty done for duty, not reward,
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
Taking their path of duty higher and
higher,
What do we deem that they, too, may have
learned
In that baptismal fire.

Not that the only end beneath the sun
Is to make every sea a trading lake,
And all our splendid English history one
Voluminous mistake.

* The heading of a remarkable chapter in the *De Imitatione Christi*.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy
week—

Some of them, ere they reached the moun-
tain's crown,
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek
Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is
run—

Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Them no reveillé and no morning gun
Shall ever waken more.

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
Of those who lived, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the
Spirit lent,
And manly tears made mist upon their
eyes,
And to them came a great presentiment
Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames
At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle
frames
God's pictures in the skies.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

A SONG OF THE SEA

ERIC MACKAY, 1835-1898

George Eric Mackay was the second son of the poet, Dr. Charles Mackay. For twenty-five years he lived in Italy, and edited two English newspapers for a part of that time. His best-known work is *Love Letters of a Violinist*. He died in London. From *A Song of the Sea and other Poems*. By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.

Free as the wind that leaps from out the
North,
When storms are hurrying forth,
Up-springs the voice of England, trumpet-
clear,
Which all the world shall hear,
As one may hear God's thunder over-head,—
A voice that echoes through the sunset red,
And through the fiery portals of the morn
Where, day by day, the golden hours are
born,—
A voice to urge the strengthening of the
bands
That bind our Empire Lands
With such a love as none shall put to scorn !

They little know our England who deny
The claim we have, from zone to furthest
zone,
To belt the beauteous earth,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And treat the clamorous ocean as our own
In all the measuring of its monstrous girth.
The tempest calls to us, and we reply ;
And not, as cowards do, in under-tone !
The sun that sets for others sets no more
On Britain's world-wide shore
Which all the tides of all the seas have
known.

We have no lust of strife :
We seek no vile dissension for base ends ;
Freedom and fame and England are old
friends.

Yet, if our foes desire it, let them come,
Whate'er their numbers be !
They know the road to England, mile by
mile,
And they shall learn, full soon, that strength
nor guile
Will much avail them in an English sea ;
We will not hurl them backward to the
waves,—
We'll give them graves !

'Tis much to be so honoured in the main,
And feel no further stain
Than one's own blood outpoured in lieu of
wine.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

'Tis much to die in England, and for this
To win the sabre-kiss
Of some true man who deems his cause
divine,
And loves his country well.
A foe may calmly dwell
In our sweet soil with daisies for his quilt,—
Their snows to hide his guilt,
And earth's good warmth about him where
he lies
Beyond the burden of all battle-cries,
And made half English by his resting-
place :—
God give him grace !

We love the sea,—the loud, the leaping
sea,—
The rush and roar of waters—the thick
foam,—
The sea-bird's sudden cry,—
The gale that bends the lithe and towering
masts
Of good ships bounding home,
That spread to the great sky
Exultant flags unmatched in their degree !
And 'tis a joy that lasts,
A joy that thrills the Briton to the soul
Who knows the nearest goal

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

To all he asks of fortune and of fame,
From dusk to dawn and dawn to sunset
flame.

He knows that he is free,
With all the freedom of the waves and winds
That have the storm in fee.

And this our glory still :—to bear the palm
In all true enterprise,
And everywhere, in tempest and in calm,
To front the future with unfearing eyes,
And away the seas where our advancement
lies,

With Freedom's flag uplifted, and unfurled ;
And this our rallying-cry, whate'er befall,
Goodwill to men, and peace throughout the
world,

But England,—England,—England over all !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE MOTHER AND THE SONS

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE, 1848

The Rev. John Huntley Skrine (born 1848) wrote the Newdigate prize poem in 1870, became a Fellow of Merton, was appointed Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, in 1888, and is now a Canon of Perth Cathedral. Among other works, he has written *Joan the Maid*, *Songs of the Maid*, and *other Ballads and Lyrics*, and *Lyrics of the War* (1900). He has also just issued a new volume, *Pastor Agnorum* (1902). By permission of the Author and Messrs. Constable & Co.

Sons in my gates of the West,
Where the long tides foam in the dark of the
 pine,
And the cornlands crowd to the dim sky-
 line,
And wide as the air are the meadows of
 kine,
What cheer from my gates of the West ?

“ Peace in thy gates of the West,
 England our mother, and rest,
In our sounding channels and headlands
 froe
The hot Norse blood of the northern hoar
Is lord of the wave as the lords of yore,
 Guarding thy gates of the West.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“ But thou, O mother, be strong
In thy seas for a girdle of towers,
Holding thine own from wrong,
Thine own that is ours.
Till the sons that are bone of thy bone,
Till the brood of the lion upgrown
In a day not long,
Shall war for our England's own,
For the pride of the ocean throne,
Be strong, O mother, be strong ! ”

Sons in my gates of the morn,
That steward the measureless harvest gold
And temples and towers of the Orient old
From the seas of the palm to Himàlya cold,
What cheer in my gates of the morn ?

“ Fair as our India's morn
Thy peace, as a sunrise, is born.
Where thy banner is broad in the Orient light
There is law from the seas to Himàlya's
height,
For the banner of might is the banner of
right.
Good cheer in thy gates of the morn.”

From the Isles of the South what word?
True South ! long ago, when I called not, it
came,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And "England's are ours" ran the war-
word aflame,

"And a thousand will bleed ere the mother
have shame!"

From my sons of the South what word?

"Mother, what need of a word

For the love that outspake with the
sword?

In the day of thy storm, in the clash of the
powers,

When thy children close round thee grown
great with the hours,

They shall know who have wronged thee if
'England's be ours.'

We bring thee a deed for a word.

But thou, O mother, be strong,

In thy seas for a girdle of towers,

Holding thine own from wrong,

Thine own that is ours.

Till the sons that are bone of thy bone,

Till the brood of the lion upgrown

In a day not long,

Shall war for our England's own,

For the pride of the ocean throne,

Be strong, O mother, be strong!"

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, 1849-

Mr. W. E. Henley is well known as a present-day writer and critic. He has edited an excellent collection of songs for boys entitled "Lyra Heroica." From *London Voluntaries and other Poems*. By permission of Mr. David Nutt.

What have I done for you,
 England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
 England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
 As the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
 England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
 England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
 To the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Down the years on your bugles blown ?

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England :—
“ Take us and break us : we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :
Death is death ; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown ! ”

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

THE BALLAD OF THE RAM

WILLIAM SHARP, 1856-

Novelist, poet, biographer, critic, journalist, William Sharp's career has been marked by great and varied achievement. Among his poetic work *The Human Inheritance* and *Sospiri di Roma* may be mentioned. By permission of the Author.

Who 'as 'eard the Ram a-callin' on the green
 fields o' the sea,
Let 'em wander east or west an' mighty
 fast :
For it's bad to 'ear the Ram when he's up
 an' runnin' free
 With the angry bit o' ribbon at the mast.
It's rush an' surge an' dash when the Ram is
 on the leap,
 But smash an' crash for them as stops the
 way :
The biggest ship goes down right there that
 ain't got sense to keep
 The shore-walk o' the werry nearest bay.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

For Frenchy ships, an' German too, an'
Russian, you may bet,
It's safer for to land an' 'ome by tram,
Than out to come an' gallivant an' risk the
kind o' wet
That follers runnin' counter to a Ram.

For when the *Terror* lifts 'is 'ead an' goes
for wot is near,
I'm sorry for them ships wot sails so free :
It's best to up an' elsewhere, an' be werry
far from 'ere,
When Rams 'ave took to bleatin' on the
sea !

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

WILLIAM WATSON, 1858-

Mr. Watson's poem was published in 1895. It is interesting to note that when, five years afterwards, the "call" came from "the Mother in her need," it was gallantly responded to by the Colonies. From *Collected Poems*. Published by permission of Mr. John Lane.

She stands, a thousand wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled ;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

OUR DEAD

BARRY PAIN

Mr. Barry Pain is well known as a journalist and contributor to current literature. He is the author of *Playthings and Parodies*, *The Romantic History of Robin Hood*, and several other volumes, besides *In a Canadian Canoe*, which first brought him into general notice in 1891. His "Tompkins" poems in the *Daily Chronicle* have been the most brilliant thing in journalism for years. Published by permission of the Proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle*.

Sye, do yer 'ear thet bugle callin'
Sutthink stringe through the city's din ?
Do yer shut yer eyes when the evenin' 's
fallin',
An' see quite plain wheer they're fallin'
in ?
An' theer ain't no sarnd as they falls in,
An' they mawch quick step with a silent
tread
Through all ar 'earts, through all ar 'earts,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

A woman's son, and a woman's lover—
Yer'd think as nobody 'eld 'im dear,
As 'e stands, a clear mawk, art o' cover,
An' leads the rush when the end is near ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

One more ridge and the end is near,
One more step an' the bullet's sped.
My God, but they're well officered,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead !

Never they'll 'ear the crard a-cheerin',
These 'ull never come beck agine ;
Theer welkim 'ome is beyond our 'earin',
But their nimes is writ, an' their nimes
remine,
An' deep an' lawstin' their nimes remine
Writ in their blood for their country
shed ;
An' they stan's up strite an' they knows no
shime,
The Comp'ny of ar Dead.

THE GREY MOTHER

LAUHLAN MACLEAN WATT

From the *Spectator*, December 16, 1899. Published by
permission of the Author.

Lo, how they come to me,
Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
Come with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me,

Me, the grey, old, weary Mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
Hearing their Mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Far from South Seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me !

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Now they come back to me,
Come, in their children's children . . .
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, Northern Mother,
Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep you safe for me,
Christ watch you in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me !

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awakening,

Ah, will ye look for me ?
Bravely we'll stand together
I and my sons with me.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

RANK AND FILE

AUSTIN DOBSON

From the *Sphere*, February 3, 1900. Published by permission of the Author

O undistinguished Dead !
Whom the bent covers, or the rock-strewn
steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn—I weep,
O undistinguished Dead !

None knows your name.
Blackened and blurred in the wild battle's
brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds
in front :—
This is your fame !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ENGLAND

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL, 1861-

Mr. Wilfred Campbell (born 1861) is a Canadian, and holds an official appointment in the Privy Council Office, Ottawa. He is a well-known lyric and dramatic poet, and has written a considerable quantity of Imperial verse. He published *Lake Lyrics* in 1889, and *Beyond the Hill of Dreams* in 1899. Published by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

England, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world, and the heart of
a race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye who dwell in the shadow
Of the century's sculptured piles,
Where sleep our century-honoured dead
While the great world thunders overhead,
And far out miles on miles,
Beyond the smoke of the mighty town,
The blue Thames dimples and smiles ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Not yours alone the glory of old,
Of the splendid thousand years,
Of Britain's might and Britain's right
And the brunt of British spears.

Not yours alone, for the great world round
Ready to dare and do,
Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,
With the Northman's sinew and heart and
brain,
And the Northman's courage for blessing or
bane
Are England's heroes too.

North and south and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses
smile
With the green isle under her lee ;
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.
And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war banners are furled,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts,
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

England, England, England,
Wherever the daring heart,
By Arctic floe or torrid strand
Thy heroes play their part ;
For as long as conquest holds the earth,
Or commerce sweeps the sea,
By orient jungle or western plain,
Will the Saxon spirit be.
And whatever the people that dwell beneath,
Or whatever the alien tongue,
Over the freedom and peace of the world
Is the flag of England flung.
Till the last great freedom is found,
And the last great truth be taught,
Till the last great deed be done
And the last great battle is fought ;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last
great fight
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,
England, breeder of hope and valour and
might,
Iron mother of men.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Yea, England, England, England,
Till honour and valour are dead,
Till the world's great cannons rust,
Till the world's great hopes are dust,
Till faith and freedom be fled,
Till wisdom and justice have passed
To sleep with those who sleep in the many-
chambered vast,
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled
dust in dust,
To all that is best in the world's unrest,
In heart and mind you are wed.
While out from the Indian jungle
To the far Canadian snows,
Over the east and over the west,
Over the worst and over the best,
The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
The blood-red ensign blows.



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

TO EXILES

NEIL MUNRO, 1864-

Neil Munro is better known as a novelist than as a poet, but no one can have read *The Lost Pibroch*, *Gilian the Dreamer*, and *John Splendid* without recognising the essentially poetic quality of his genius. From *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1900. Published by permission of the Author.

Are you not weary in your distant places,
Far, far from Scotland of the mist of storm,
In stagnant airs, the sun-smite on your faces,
The days so long and warm ?
When all around you lie the strange fields
sleeping,
The ghastly woods where no dear
memories roam,
Do not your sad hearts over seas come
leaping
To the Highlands and Lowlands of your
home ?

Wild cries the Winter, loud through all our
valleys
The midnights roar, the grey noons echo
back ;
About the scalloped coasts the eager galleys
Beat for kind harbours from the horizons
black ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

We tread the miry roads, the rain-drenched
heather,

We are the men, we battle, we endure !
God's pity for you, exiles, in your weather
Of swooning winds, calm seas, and skies
demure !

Wild cries the Winter, and we walk song-
haunted

Over the hills and by the thundering falls,
Or where the dirge of a brave past is chaunted
In dolorous dusks by immemorial walls.
Though hails may beat us and the great
mists blind us,
And lightning rend the pine-tree on the hill,
Yet are we strong, yet shall the morning
find us
Children of tempest all unshaken still.

We wander where the little grey towns
cluster

Deep in the hills or selvedging the sea,
By farm-lands lone, by woods where wild-
fowl muster

To shelter from the day's inclemency ;
And night will come, and then far through
the darkling

A light will shine out in the sounding glen,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And it will mind us of some fond eye's
sparkling,
And we'll be happy then.

Let torrents pour, then, let the great winds
rally,

Snow-silence fall or lightning blast the pine,
That light of home shines warmly in the
valley,

And, exiled son of Scotland, it is thine.

Far have you wandered over seas of longing,
And now you drowse, and now you well
may weep,

When all the recollections come a-thronging,
Of this rude country where your fathers
sleep.

They sleep, but still the hearth is warmly
glowing

While the wild Winter blusters round
their land ;

That light of home, the wind so bitter
blowing—

Look, look and listen, do you understand ?
Love, strength, and tempest—oh, come back
and share them !

Here is the cottage, here the open door ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

We have the hearts, although we do not
bare them,—
They're yours, and you are ours for ever-
more.

ENGLAND IN SOUTH AFRICA

1899

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, 1842-

Mr. Courthope, Professor of Poetry at Oxford since 1893, wrote the Newdigate Prize Poem in 1864. His most important work, however, has been in the region of biography and literary history. From *Literature*, December 9, 1899. Published by permission of the Author.

Across the streaming flood, the deep ravine,
Through hurricanes of shot, through hells
of fire,
To rocks where myriad marksmen lurk un-
seen,
The steadfast legions mount, mount always
higher.

Earth and her elements protect the foe :
His are the covered trench, the ambushed
hill,
The treacherous pit, the sudden secret blow,
The swift retreat—but ours the conquer-
ing will.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Against that will in vain the fatal lead,
Vain is the stubborn heart, brute cunning
vain :
Strong in the triumphs of thy dauntless
dead,
Advance, Imperial Race, advance and
reign !

ENGLAND STANDS ALONE

“England stands alone : without an ally.”

A German Newspaper

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, 1836-

Mr. Watts-Dunton is the author of *The Coming of Love* and *Aylwin*, the most successful novel of the year. As a critic he has exercised a long and salutary influence on the literature of the later Victorian era. From *A Jubilee Greeting at Spithead*. Published by permission of the Author.

“ She stands alone : ally nor friend has she,”
Saith Europe of our England—her who bore
Drake, Blake, and Nelson—Warrior-Queen
who wore
Light’s conquering glaive that strikes the
conquered free.
Alone !—From Canada comes o’er the sea,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And from that English coast with coral
shore,

The old-world cry Europe hath heard of
yore

From Dover cliffs : " Ready, aye ready we ! "

" Europe," saith England, " hath forgot my
boys !—

Forgot how tall, in yonder golden zone

'Neath Austral skies, my youngest born
have grown

(Bearers of bayonets now and swords for
toys)—

Forgot 'mid boltless thunder—harmless
noise—

The sons with whom old England 'stands
alone' ! "



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

THE SONG OF THE SNOTTIES

GEORGE FREDERIC STEWART BOWLES

From *A Gun-Room Ditty Box*. Published by permission
of the Author and Messrs. Cassell & Co.

Listen ! my brothers of Eton and Harrow,
Hearken ! my brothers of over the seas,
Say ! do your class-rooms seem dingy and
narrow ?

List to the sound of the sea-scented breeze.
Now for a moment if dreary your lot is,
Wet bob or dry bob whichever you be,
List to the tale and the song of the snotties,
The song of the snotties who sail on the
sea.

The song of the snotties
(The poor little snotties),
Good luck to the snotties wherever they be,
The dirk and the patches,
The bruises and scratches,
The song of the snotties who sail on the sea !

Early we left you and late are returning
Back to the land of our story and birth,
Back to the land of our glory and yearning,
Back from the uttermost ends of the earth,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Hear you the bucket and clang of the
brasses

Working together by perfect decree ?
That is the tale of the glory which passes—
That is the song of the snotties at sea !

Often at noon when the gale's at its strongest,
Sadly we think of the days that are gone;
Often at night when the watches are longest
Have your remembrances heartened us on.
And in the mazes of dim recollection,
Still we'll remember the days that are
past,
Till, on the hopes of a schoolboy affection,
Death and his angels shall trample at last.

What though the enemy taunt and deride us !
Have we forgotten the triumphs of yore ?
What if the oceans may seem to divide us !
Brothers, remember the friendship we
bore.

Lo ! it is finished—the day of probations.
Up ! and we stand for the England to be.
Then, as the Head and the Front of the
Nations,
Brothers, your health !—from the snotties
at sea !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

“Stand well,” say the snotties
 (“Good luck,” say the snotties),
 “And wisely and firmly and great shall we be ;
 For monarchies tremble,
 And empires dissemble,
 But Britain shall stand”—say the snotties at
 sea.

THE GOING OF THE BATTERY

THOMAS HARDY, 1840-

Thomas Hardy is in the first rank of living English novelists. His stories of west country life are very popular. In 1898 he published *Wessex Poems*. And since then he has contributed poems to several periodicals. From *Poems Past and Present*, by Thomas Hardy. Published by permission of the Author.

WIVES' LAMENT

(November 2, 1899)

I

O it was sad enough, weak enough, mad
 enough—
 Light in their loving as soldiers can be—
 First to risk choosing them, leave alone
 losing them
 Now, in far battle, beyond the South Sea ! . . .

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

II

—Rain came down drenchingly ; but we un-
blenchingly
Trudged on beside them through mirk and
through mire,
They stepping steadily—only too readily—
Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time
nigher.

III

Great guns were gleaming there, living
things seeming there,
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, upmouthed to
the night ;
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to felloe,
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to
sight.

IV

Gas-glimmers drearily, blearily, eerily
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,
While we stood prest to them, with a last
quest to them
Not to court perils that honour could miss.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

V

Sharp were those sighs of ours, blinded
these eyes of ours,
When at last moved away under the arch
All we loved. Aid for them each woman
prayed for them,
Treading back slowly the track of their
march.

VI

Some one said : " Nevermore will they come :
evermore
Are they now lost to us." O it was wrong !
Though may be hard their ways, some Hand
will guard their ways,
Bear them through safely, in brief time or
long.

VII

—Yet, voices haunting us, daunting us,
taunting us,
Hint in the night-time when life beats are
low.
Other and graver things . . . Hold we to
braver things,
Wait we, in trust, what Time's fulness shall
show.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY
THE AUSTRALIAN COMMON-
WEALTH

JOHN BERNARD O'HARA

From the *Melbourne Age*, January 1901. Published by
permission of the Author.

Lo, 'tis the light of the morn
Over the mountains breaking,
And our Empire's day is born,
The life of a Nation waking
To the triumph of regal splendour,
To the voice of conquering fate
That cries "No longer wait!"
To the rising hopes that send her
Fearless upon her way
With no thoughts of her yesterday,
But dreams of a mighty State
Great 'mid the old grave nations,
Divine in her aspirations ;
Blest be the men who brought her,
Freedom's starriest daughter,
Out of the night
Into the light,
A power and a glory for evermore !—
Let the old world live in the pages
Time wrote in the dark of the ages,
For us 'tis the light of the morning breaking
on sea and shore !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

They found her a maiden with dower
 Only of seasons sunny,
Blue skies and the frail white flower
 Of Peace with its song's sweet honey
And the joy of her wild seas flinging
 Their voices on fairy strands
Where only the winds' soft singing
 Broke on the sleep of day,
 Or a whistling spear by the dim green
 way
 Of the water and the lands.
Green were the woodlands round her,
Blue were the seas that bound her,
Soft was the sky above her,
A dreamily lonely lover ;
 Streams and dells
 And the mountain wells,
And the voice of the forest were hers
 alone,
 And the life of the grim grave ranges
 The night and the noon and the
 changes
Of light on the topmost peaks when the rose
of the dawn was blown.

Lift up thine honoured head !
The skies are all aflame ;
The east to morn is wed ;

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Lift up thine honoured head,
And fearless keep thy fame !
There is work for thee to do,
A nation's work is thine ;
O land, belovèd, mine !
Gird thee for life anew !
With strength, that fails not, keep
Thy pathway bright with Good ;
Let Honour, Justice, sweep
Aside the weeds that creep—
Grim Error, Unbelief,
And their Titanic brood,
Be thine the task to rear
The spacious halls of Art,
To hearken to sweet Song,
Be thine the pride to fear
No foe while in thy heart
The love of Truth is strong,
To help the weak, and be
Beloved and great and free,
Even as thy Mighty Mother—the Grey
Queen of the Sea !



SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

MAY ROWLAND

On March 17, 1901, the Irish soldiers were allowed to place a wreath of shamrock on the late Queen's tomb in the mausoleum at Frogmore. Reprinted from *Good Words*, March 1902. By permission of the Author.

For the brave—a gift ; for the dead—a tear :
Was there aught undone that she might
have done ?

Nay ; she wept with us o'er the soldier's
bier,

And she smiled with us for the victory
won.

And the gift she gave with a royal hand
Was the triple leaf of a queenly life.

And the honour fell to the sister-land,
Yea ; to every son on the field of strife.

'Twas a year of sorrow—a day of tears,
When the people mourned for their
Mother-Queen,

And they gazed through vistas of noble
years—

'Twas *her* wish, they said—so they wore
the green.

To the House of Peace—to the Royal Dead

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Came the Irish Guards, with a shamrock
spray,
And they laid it there—on her marble bed,
'Twas her soldiers' gift—on St. Patrick's
Day.

TO LORD KITCHENER

HAROLD BEGBIE

Reprinted by special permission of the *Times*.

While many waxed feeble and faithless,
while wasted the patriot flame,
While hucksters degraded the hustings with
“ crisis,” and “ ruin,” and “ shame,”
You, you and the men who are with you—
whom God in His clemency fend—
Afar from our whimpering “ crises,” struck
on to the destinate end.
Afar from the clack of the tonguesters, afar
from the murmur and scream,
With a hand that has never once faltered
from the brain's irreversible scheme,
You have hung on the heel that was lifted,
and now, with the wings of the wind,
You are flogging Rebellion before you, with
Peace in the valleys behind.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

No falling of cities, no shaking of provinces,
kingdoms, and States,
No thunder of congregate cannon that
shatters Imperial gates,
No sudden magnificence loosing the London
of revel and rout,
No victory rocking the steeples—with gar-
land and ballad and shout :
But the heart of the labouring nation beats
on with the march of your plan,
The soul of a war-knitted Empire moves
glorious there in the van—
She is binding the laurel of honour to crown
your victorious brow,
But her faith, but her gratitude, Chieftain,
these, these are your property now.

Your shield is unblurred of dishonour, dis-
grace has not tarnished your spear,
With a foe that sits loose to Observance you
have fought like a great chevalier,
You have wrestled with Cunning and Base-
ness as Drake with the Flower of Spain,
As Edward met Philip at Cressy you have
fought with the thieves of the slain ;
And Europe has snarled in her kennel, the
dogs of our breeding have howled,

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

And the hand that has succoured their
women your pitiless foe has befouled—
But England, the land that you look to,
whose purpose, whose mission, is yours,
Goes on to the end with your banners—her
faith in her Soldier endures.

Tho' the pride and the splendour of battles,
the pomp and the glory of war,
Life far monumental behind you—the ulti-
mate stroke is before ;
And, verily, now do we yield you the honour
we gave open hand
When the Vet'ran took horse in disaster and
rode like a flame thro' the land ;
Long, long is the way you must travel :
slow, slow is the steed you must ride :
Far-flung are the treacherous passes where
rapine and anarchy hide :
And steep are the mountainous pathways
that twist to the summit, the goal—
But there is the roseate Morning, and Clio
unfolding her scroll !

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

CECIL JOHN RHODES

Matoppo Hills, April 10, 1902

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, 1832-

"I admire the grandeur and loneliness of the Matoppos in Rhodesia, and therefore I desire to be buried in the Matoppos, on the hill which I used to visit, and which I called the 'View of the World,' in a square to be cut in the rock on the top of the hill, covered with a plain brass plate with these words thereon: 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.'"—Extract from his Will. Published by permission of the Author.

Take and guard this, O Heart of Africa!

Dark granite heart, hid in the rolling hills!
Clasp to thine own this heart of gold to-day
Brought hither, treasure richer than what
fills

The richest golden veins of all thy rocks,
The brightest diamond of thy jewelled
clays;

For this great heart—stilled after Titan
shocks—

Loved thee and us, scorning Earth's pomp
and praise.

Build it a sanctuary in thy breast,
Where the veld air blows sweetest, and
the sands

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Take footprints from the lions ; where to
rest
Is to gaze over his own conquered lands

Red yet with battles, but anon to be
Gracious and green with maize and many
a lane
Of purple vines, amid which, linked and
free,
An equal law o'er happy folk shall reign.

Give him a tomb ! For thee he gave his life,
Content with calumny, careless of fame ;
For cause of peace fighting in thickest strife,
For thanks to come braving a present
blame.

This was a heart with passion stirred to
make
Through Saxon unity the Saxon peace,
By ill means if he must ; and for Heaven's
sake
Let seeming evil help till need did cease.

Now need has ceased, and those who hated
most
Laud him the loudest for his largesse vast.

SONGS OF ENGLAND'S GLORY

Envy, abashed, hails him a nation's boast ;
And Slander, silenced, brings the bays at
last.

Open thy bosom for his bed of rest,
For him who—South to North—hath made
thee one ;
And when they bury here their first and
best,
Still shalt thou say, " This was my noblest
son ! "





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